Paramount Magazine

June 1915

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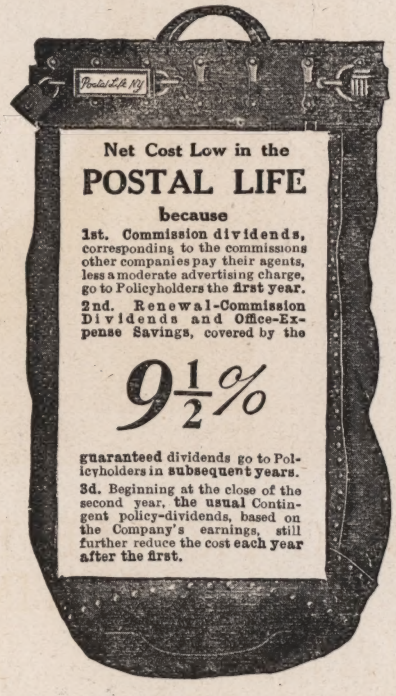
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MOVING PICTURE PRACTICE MAKES BETTER LEGITIMATE ACTING

By Ina Claire

Making her photodramatic debut in "The Wild Goose Chase"—Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Co.

THERE was a time, only a few months ago, when I hesitated to go into the pictorial art because I had an idea that it would either lower my standing with the public or it would unfit me for my other work. Now, on the contrary, after the experience of working in two productions — "The Wild Goose Chase" and "The Puppet Crown"—I see that my theory was all wrong. I honestly believe that nothing will help me more in my work on the legitimate stage either in musical comedy or in drama—if I should go into drama—than the unusual emotional training provided by motion picture work. Under modern conditions one of the terrors of the legitimate stage is monotony. It may be true that if an artist is unsuccessful she has only too many opportunities to play many parts, but if she is successful almost at the beginning, as was the case with me, she finds herself immediately playing long runs in single productions.

Twenty years ago I understand that no actress could be on the stage five years without presumably having played a large variety of parts. My success has been of such a nature that I have not even averaged a rôle a year, but have played one rôle for two seasons or three seasons as the case may be. This is a special reason why the extraordinary versatility that the picture demands is admirable training for us younger legitimate stars.

In the old days acting was *acting*. With the realism of the present-day stage acting, even on Broadway, is more close to life itself and the old elocutionary mannerisms of other times are fading into oblivion. But the "legitimate" stage will never be truly as legitimate as the screen. It is true that a couple of years ago there were distinct mannerisms attached to acting for photoplays, but now the demand for naturalness on the screen has attained a point which it never has obtained or never can obtain on the stage. The reason for this is that the legitimate stage calls into play various lighting effects and various other aids and limitations to art which must always be considered, so that a thing done in an absolutely natural manner might appear unnatural to the audience. On the other hand, there are none of these interferences with realism for the screen, and the best photodrama is admittedly the one in which all the actions of the characters seem most minutely true to life.

I can suggest no better cure for stage self-consciousness and "stagi-ness" in general than a course in acting for the camera. Everything must be true to the facts; nothing must be unduly exaggerated. The people are not called upon to act their parts or to "interpret" their parts. They are called upon positively to LIVE the parts.

Moreover, the range of action in one, five or six reel photodramas will equal that of three or four legitimate plays, because events move so rapidly and such lapses of time and changes of locality are allowed. In LIVING through the experiences of a photodrama—which is what the actress should do—one is almost living through the experiences of a lifetime in many instances. And, as I have already said, one is expected not to "act out" these experiences, but to feel them as if the events were actually transpiring. The girl who weeps for the screen must face the camera and real tears must course down her cheeks. She cannot merely turn her back to the audience and convulsively shrug her shoulders while she is looking off-stage at something going on in the wings. This may be an extreme instance, but it conveys what I mean.

For the person who has been used to working behind the footlights and in the confinement of a narrow theatre the sensations of working in the great outdoor "locations" bring an entirely different dramatic instinct. The fact that the surroundings are real goes so far to make the sentiment real that there is no room for the "faking" of the footlights either mentally, spiritually or physically.

I do not hesitate to predict that my work in motion picture productions, which I hope may continue for many years, will give a fresh insight into the entire dramatic art and will be the best possible thing for my work in regular stage productions. I believe the same thing would hold true for any number of other young artists. The photodrama affords a new opportunity for versatility and sincerity, and I am sure that artists who refuse to take advantage of it are not protecting themselves, but merely fostering limitations of which they should be glad to rid themselves.

The future of the photodramatic art is so vast that it is positively bewildering, and I must confess that I find many feature productions as interesting as the average dramatic legitimate offering. In fact, I have seen some films equal in interest, if not superior, to the very finest plays.

One of the finest aspects of the photodrama is its permanence. Heretofore, the special tragedy of the dramatic artist's work has been the factor of its temporary quality; the fact that it existed only for the lifetime of the artist, and then was recorded in memory only for the lifetime of surviving audiences, and then was only a tradition, if indeed remembered at all. But the photodrama can be almost indefinitely preserved; and we can leave behind us indisputable evidences of what we have been able to do at different periods in our careers.

Ina Claire walking with her pet dog, a favorite pastime

LOIS MEREDITH

Appearing in "Help Wanted"—Morosco-Bosworth

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Field for Films Extending

SPEAKING of the motion picture—one expects, as a matter of course, that it is to be seen in the theatre devoted to exhibition purposes. But this last addition to the world of amusements is fast developing beyond the environs of theatres. The motion picture is rapidly taking its place in many institutions and organizations for educational and entertainment purposes.

For example, the United States Government has recently purchased a large number of motion picture machines for the purpose of providing entertainment for the men in Army and Navy employ. Not only is it intended that the motion picture shall be exhibited in the posts where the men are stationed, but warships as well will be equipped with a motion picture outfit and films will be carried on board to entertain the sailors on their voyages.

As is generally known, many schools and colleges are using motion pictures for educational and amusement purposes, and an interesting sidelight on the motion picture is furnished by some of the churches that are using and advocating the motion picture as an attraction to increase their attendance.

Various sorts of instruction are given by means of the film. For instance, athletics of various kinds are taught by means of the motion picture screen. The movements of baseball players are recorded faithfully by the ceaseless camera. Fire departments are perfected in their drills by noting the defects recorded by the motion picture exhibition of the work of the firemen, while many other subjects of similar import are being put into film form for practical purposes.

These things are being accomplished while the motion picture art is in early infancy. The possibilities of its development and the extent of its influence can be determined only in the most indefinite manner, but from present indications we may expect the motion picture to become far more widely used than even the most imaginative person can predict at the present time.

Masculine Fashions

THERE has been a universal impression that all of the fads, fancies and conceits of dress were confined to the feminine sex, but such a belief has been entirely disannulled and discredited by the men's fashions in vogue during recent years. These styles for every article of wearing apparel have been what might be termed "ornate," from the vivid lavender seen in window displays to the deep purple suit with hat to match.

One day we met, coming down the street, a pair of black patent leather pumps, encasing bottle green hose, above which flaunted jauntily a suit of gray material with green checks conspicuously displayed in it. With this was worn a silk skirt with green stripes, colored waistcoat, scarlet necktie and a bottle green hat with bow on the side. Naturally, the reader will imagine that a woman was wearing this outfit—but not so; it was a man, and a tall, well-built, fine looking chap at that. It was a man, and a man of whom one meets hundreds every day in the week, dressed in various assortments of colors and combinations. In fact, men have invaded woman's domain of colors and fabrics. Gentlemen's waistcoats of variegated colors are the regular thing, while neckties and socks in every hue of the rainbow are prominently displayed in every haberdasher's window.

It is to be hoped the arbiters of men's fashions will not take them back to a revival of the laces and velvets and ruffles of the earlier centuries, but certainly, man (as well as woman) has shown his susceptibility in following where fashions may lead.

Motion Pictures for Children

AMONG the audiences at motion picture theatres throughout the United States are many, many thousands of children. This attendance is quite regular and continuous without regard to the subject of the picture shown, its character or its purpose; in fact, the attendance of children is so extensive that one is led to the conclusion that the parents or guardians permit the children to visit motion picture theatres without restriction.

Fundamentally, the motion picture is only another form of publishing and the variety of motion pictures produced is, to some extent, as diversified as the number of books printed. Every parent will acknowledge that there are many books, and perfectly good books, which children would not be permitted to read because their immature years and experience would not permit them to comprehend and assimilate the subject matter of the books. For that reason some supervision of reading matter is given for the average child.

The motion picture is in exactly the same class as the published book; there are many motion pictures which neither adults nor children should see. There are others which adults enjoy, while for children some such selection and discrimination should be exercised as is customarily extended to the child's reading.

There are many motion pictures, and perfectly good pictures, which children should not see, while, on the other hand, there are many motion pictures which would be especially entertaining to children, and instructive as well.

Scanned and Donated from the Collection of Darren Nemeth, 2023

WORTH WHILE FISHING

Photographs taken by Paramount Cameramen en route to South America

Sunset
Palm Beach

Shark
Caught off coast of Key West Fla
16 ft long – 800 lbs wt

Sting Ray. Whip Ray. Shark-Fla

Sail Fish. Long Key Fla

WHAT Africa and India are to the big-game hunter, the waters off Miami and Key West are to the piscatorial devotee.

Everything from the lordly tarpon to queer little horned toad fish are hauled in. Occasionally a rare species will appear like the sail-fish, shown above. This fish sometimes finds its way from the edge of the Gulf Stream into shallower water. Fortunately for the cameraman, one of this rare variety was caught at the Long Key Fishing Camp in Florida, while the Paramount Expedition was there.

Some of the larger fish like the 800-pound shark shown here took hours to land, a block and tackle being necessary to get the huge "terror of the tropical waters" on board.

The cameraman was unsuccessful in landing a tarpon. One of the party hooked one and worked for sixteen hours to get him within reach of the gaff, but the King of Fighters finally snapped the line.

The day's catch represents a variety of species and considerable weight. Although the number may not be large, a fishing expedition is fraught with constant difficulty and action, the strike is made almost immediately—but to land the catch—that is another story.

WARRIORS ENJOY MOTION PICTURES

By Ernest A. Dench

WHY do we go to the motion pictures? This may be a pertinent question to place before you, but, after all, is it not to seek relaxation or entertainment, if you will have it so? When we visit our favorite photoplay theatre Old Worry is dealt a death blow for a time at least, since the usual excellent bill of fare provided simply makes us forget the hard facts of everyday life.

The soldiers now serving their respective countries are as keen picture fans as we civilians. In times of peace they are positive gluttons for the motion pictures, and even when they are surrounded by the realities of war they remain faithful to their pet diversion. And when you consider that such a conservative power as the British government backs them up there must be something very deep about the charms of the motion picture. There is, I can assure you, and the cinema theatre has been aptly termed "a haven of rest."

After a hard day's drilling and a long route march for the recruit in training, or actual fighting for the full-fledged soldier, they are fit for nothing else but a comfortable picture show seat, and then to bed, as Pepys would have said. The long winter evenings drag tiresomely and the boys are too worn out to entertain themselves by playing cards or organizing a concert. What they want is to be entertained, and they can find nothing to approach the photoplay.

In the army camps throughout Britain the war office has appropriated two thousand dollars for the erection and equipment of a building to be utilized as a motion picture theatre. When the troops number less than four thousand allowance is made at fifty cents per head. This offer does not hold good when there are regular cinema theatres in the vicinity, so the soldiers attend them instead. This has proved a godsend to many exhibitors, their houses being almost monopolized by khaki-clad men night after night. Those more charitably disposed admit soldiers in uniform at half price. The men who are about to be sent abroad hail with delight films of India, Egypt and other British colonies. The exhibitors, accordingly, cater to their needs.

To hark back to the camps, the government's grant has been accepted by institutions and film concerns. As the immediate need is greater than the supply, a fund is being raised to furnish the additional outlay necessitated.

Once the buildings are open and ready for business they come under the supervision of the war office, who have power to requisition their use at any time for purposes like divine services and instruction. In large camps the facilities for motion picture shows are made into divisions, each being covered by a separate individual or concern. It might be thought that they are all crude, temporary structures, but although some are merely big tents, one of the large camps, Belton Park, Grantham, can boast of a theatre constructed on quite elaborate lines, with accommodation for twelve hundred persons. It cost over seventy-five thousand dollars to build and resembles a typical British picture house. It has a large screen, cosy chairs, a good orchestra, with the floor on a slope so that all can see well from all parts of the theatre. A splendid program is put on and projection is of the best. The prices of admission are six cents and twelve cents. The hall is heated by slow combustion stoves and the electric current is obtained from the nearest town, three miles distant.

When the expenses are forthcoming from charitable institutions, such as the Y. M. C. A., the entertainments are usually given free and the programs changed twice weekly, as is the custom in Britain. There is an old saying there about carrying coals to Newcastle, which is a great mining center, and it could be aptly applied were dramas to be shown to the soldiers. They are, therefore, regaled on comedies and educationals.

At Rheims almost the whole population are absent and in their place are the allies defenders. Before the war Rheims had four motion picture theatres, two of which have since succumbed to German shells. The fortunate two are following the "business as usual" policy with a program of war topicals, comedies and an occasional drama. The soldiers in the audience far outnumber the civilians, and while the films are being shown it is nothing unsual to hear the guns at work. This music is not appreciated along with the efforts of the picture pianist. They have enough of the former when at work.

The Germans have a way peculiarly their own of entertaining themselves with films, which also afford them an opportunity to boost the fatherland. When they take possession of a town they make themselves thoroughly at home and request the local motion picture exhibitor to open his theatre to the public. When the showman explains that he has neither operator nor films, the Germans bring forth a skilled man and a batch of war films, which are of their victories. The Germans delight in watching their films, as they fill them with renewed encouragement. Cinematographers accompany the forces at the front and the very same pictures are afterwards shown to the wounded soldiers in Germany.

The motion picture fever has spread to the various British colonies. In Malta, for instance, one show is so unreliable that, according to a soldier who gave up an operating position to serve his country, they pay six cents to go in and spend most of the time trying to get the machine to work properly. The troops in training in Canada, are, thanks to the generosity of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, shown some of the feature productions in camp.

Before concluding, however, our army department must be praised for being the first nation to provide motion picture entertainment for soldiers in time of peace. Performances are given nightly at army posts and the men are kept away from the saloon and other undesirable places. They can also invite friends and while away an evening pleasantly for a small sum.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE MORALS OF MARCUS"

By Eleanor Raeburn

FOR many of our spontaneous smiles, and not a few heart-throbs that have escaped in tears, we are indebted to William J. Locke, the creator of Paragot ("The Beloved Vagabond") and a host of other characters familiar to us in the world of fiction. How dear these people of his imagination have become to us, we do not say; we only *feel* that they are as precious as any of the multitude whom we know in reality—whom we can touch, and see, and hear speak—a somewhat higher order of things than those we encounter nightly in the shadowy domain of dreams.

Known as an apostle of cheerfulness, the humor of Locke's novels rings true. You laugh because you cannot help it. You never met a picturesque vagabond like Paragot in your life, but you recognize instantly that he *might* have existed, and that you would have been drawn to him if you *had* met, because he is a sincere creation. By the same token, his "Simple Septimus" appears to be an unconscionable fool; yet one must love him for the greatness of his heroism and for his beautiful devotion to the woman whose happiness he could secure only by a sacrifice of himself to the exigency of her family circumstances.

William J. Locke.

In the realm of motion pictures, Locke is best known through his novel, "The Morals of Marcus" (made by Famous Players Film Co.), which has had unqualified success in the film version. Dramatized by the author himself, the play previously had been familiarized to theatre-goers, as presented by Marie Doro. It is still the favorite novel of many readers, and was the first to excite the widespread popularity which the author now enjoys. As a motion picture the story is being told anew in charming manner.

It appears not to be known generally that Locke, although a resident of England, and the offspring of British parents, is a native of this American continent. He was born in British Guiana in 1863, and passed his school days in Trinidad, being educated at the Queen's Royal College, where he won a government scholarship which transferred him at seventeen to St. John's College, Cambridge, England, for his university career. That he was an indifferent student is a matter of record, for he is said to have attended only one lecture during his three years' course. Because of his holiday jaunts to the Latin Quarter in Paris, we know so much about the Café Delphine and the Café du Cochon Fidéle, and those other amusing places haunted by the heroes of his delightful stories.

After leaving college he taught for a while; then, resuming his profession of architect, was elected to the secretaryship of the Royal Institute of British Architects; not relinquishing this office until 1907, when he decided to devote his entire time to literature. His first novel was entitled "At the Gate of Samaria," and a group of them followed in rapid succession—all now overshadowed by the superior merit of his later works. These were: "A Demagogue and Lady Phayre," "A Study in Shadows," "Derelicts" and "Idols," while later ensued "The White Dove," "The Usurper" and "Where Love Is." In 1903 appeared "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," and "The Beloved Vagabond" was his next great success, followed two years later by "Septimus." "Simon the Jester" preceded "The Glory of Clementina," "The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol," "Stella Maris" and "The Fortunate Youth," which were issued in the order named. It may be said that with each new novel his fame has increased in leaps and bounds.

Of plays, too, a good number have been produced from Locke's pen. "The Palace of Puck" was given first as a drama, and later as a musical comedy under the title of "Butterflies." He also dramatized "The Beloved Vagabond" for Sir Herbert Tree, and wrote "The Man from the Sea," in which Robert Loraine assumed the leading rôle. Of one-act plays, too, there were "Mr. Cynic," "The Lost Legion" and "A Blank Cheque."

The joy of life, the spirit of sympathy, and the sunshine of hope irradiate the pages of this beloved novelist's work, and not only those who read his pages but also the many thousands who enjoy his pictures when transferred to the films, express the heart-felt wish that he may live long to present the human types and phases which have endeared him to us by the invisible bonds of fellowship. He has initiated us into "the glad company of lovable people" and we are correspondingly grateful. His charm, like that of Charles Lamb, is human, kindly, and of universal appeal.

MOTION PICTURES IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

By Roy Somerville

WHEN Dean Reber, of the Wisconsin University, established an educational film service in that state he conferred a benefit upon the entire country, for it blazed the way to a systematic use of motion pictures in the public schools. Dr. Reber divided the state into districts, arranged a curriculum for the screen, and each district receives a series of films which are distributed after the plan employed by circulating libraries. The value of the service was so

Chinese Moving Picture Actors

clearly demonstrated that the state legislature voted a yearly appropriation for the manufacture of educational films.

But the service did more than just win approval—it pointed out to other states the prime importance and the absolute practicability of motion pictures in the public schools. California has adopted an almost similar plan, and the movement is gaining such headway in other states that it is safe to predict a vast governmental exchange as the final destiny for the educational film.

In Minnesota, the State College of Agriculture is making pictures which it supplies to other colleges and the trade for a nominal sum, and a course of screen lectures is given in the town and county schools for the benefit of farmers.

Another active organization is the American Safety League, with main offices in Los Angeles, Cal., and Newark, N. J., and branches in Portland, Me., Seattle, Spokane and San Diego. Lecturers visit the schools and instruct children how to avoid accidents from automobiles, railway and street cars, illustrating their talks with lantern slides and motion pictures.

Special films have been employed by lesser organizations in all parts of the country to educate the public in hygiene and temperance. An association of national significance has been effected recently in New York City, including many distinguished patrons and collaborators. It is supported by voluntary contributions, and purposes to manufacture educational films for free distribution in the public schools of every state in the Union. The ultimate aim of the association is the education of the legislators and school boards to the importance of a permanent film service.

These concerted movements will do much to eliminate the numerous obstacles that have confronted individual attempts along these lines. The tardiness of public institutions of learning to adopt the motion picture has been the subject of much adverse comment among the uninformed. It is so essentially the ideal method of instruction that one would have to be stupid indeed not to perceive its advantages.

The mind grasps facts more quickly through the eye than the ear, and retains them for a longer period. As evidence, one has but to hark back to the schooldays for a memory of some never-to-be-forgotten lesson learned through a vivid illustration, or a practical demonstration by the teacher. The mental impressions obtained from written or oral descriptions are faulty at the best. Every one has experienced the shock that comes when visiting some much-discussed scene, and finding that it is totally dissimilar to the mental picture constructed from hearsay.

Educators have long recognized the vision principle in their work, and have devised numerous ways to apply it, but these seem crude in comparison with the motion picture. This was amply demonstrated by a leading New York newspaper some years ago, in a nation-wide canvass of the public schools, colleges and universities. The film was favored unanimously.

The reason it has not come into general use is simple—few strictly educational films are made in the United States. A number of manufacturers in Italy, France, Germany and England make a specialty of educational motion pictures, and they are used in the curricula of many European schools; but the effort to create a demand for their importation into this country has met with little success. There has been no organized market for these wares, and the business of distributing the commercial films is in the hands of a few men who are making a greater profit from the amusement side. Consequently, the films available are woefully insufficient in range of subjects, and even when a selection is made from stock it is usually "somewhere else." The teacher who wishes to illustrate a special theme on a certain day must wait weeks and sometimes months, and generally abandons the idea. Or he may have obtained a few films on some special study, and desires to amplify the lesson more fully by other films on the subject. He learns that there are no such "other films" in trade channels, and to have the special films made to order would cost from $500 up. The teacher cannot afford it, and the manufacturer refuses to assume the risk of a probable circulation.

Another difficulty in the way of the general use of the motion picture in public schools may be found in the city and state laws enacted before films were a consideration in educational work. To give an entertainment in New York City an operator must obtain a

license from the Board of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity. The fire underwriters add their obstacle by demanding the erection of a fireproof booth, either of asbestos, concrete, brick or iron, and then increase the insurance rate from fifty to one hundred per cent, because, they claim, paradoxically enough, that there is more danger from fire.

It requires only concerted action on the part of leading educators to eliminate all of these difficulties, and the time is rapidly approaching when they must do so, for the educational film has proven of such great importance that it cannot be neglected longer. In a little while every university will be fully equipped with cameras, perforators, printers and other accessories for the production of their own positives and negatives. The latter could be sold to some firm making a specialty of educational films, or loaned to an interchangeable system between institutions of learning. Many universities employ photographers and slide makers who could easily learn to operate a motion picture camera, or the laboratory assistants or students could qualify for the work. In high and grammar schools the engineer or his assistant could be pressed into service.

In Europe, where the organized demand from the schools has led many commercial manufacturers to specialize on strictly educational films, the range of subjects treated is almost incredible. A partial list of these include aeronautics, agriculture, applied sciences, apiculture, archeology, architecture, army and navy, athletics, ballooning, chemistry, classics, dances (both civilized and barbaric), fine arts, fisheries, forestry, geography, geology, history, hydraulics, hydrography, industries, literature, mechanics, microscopics, mining, music, mythology, natural sciences, optics, physics, pisciculture, physical culture, railways, scenic views, seismology, sports of various countries, surgery, travels and volcanoes.

As an instance of how the subjects are amplified it will only be necessary to cite agriculture. Under this heading are films of irrigation works on new farms, clearing the land by donkey engines, blasting tree stumps and rocks with dynamite, sowing wheat, reaping, thrashing, potato culture, cattle ranching, rice culture, growing stalks, transplanting, irrigating, milling; modern methods of mowing and haying; corn and wheat harvesting; sheep ranching; shearing and gathering wool; cider making; culture of tobacco; cotton cultivation; the maple sugar industry; pineapple industry; mushroom culture; tea planting, and numerous others.

Tea Fields of Japan

Funny Side of Life in Japan

When the demand warrants it, enterprising manufacturers in this country will likewise undertake the production of the educational film, and with the impetus that American capital and genius lend to every industry, the field should be enlarged to include any theme from the kindergarten to the university.

Photos by courtesy of Universal Film Mfg. Co. Shown in Public Schools Nos. 17 and 64, New York.

PICTURE ACTIVITIES

By Agnes W. Harrison

"The Commanding Officer," under "False Colors," "Sold" "The Goose Girl" to "The Man From Mexico" for "His Last Dollar," so that "David Harum" with "Ready Money" could take "The Woman" by "The Straight Road" to "Mistress Nell," "The Governor's Lady."

"Cameo Kirby," "The Circus Man," said, "It's No Laughing Matter." Meet me "Behind the Scenes" "After Five" with "The Million" for "The Dancing Girl."

"One of Our Girls" appears to be "Such a Little Queen," but she is "Merely Mary Ann," "A Country Mouse," who is living with "Tess of the Storm Country" in "The Valley of the Moon" and waiting for "The Ring and the Man."

"Cinderella" rode "In the Bishop's Carriage" to repay "The Call of the North" and found "Young Romance" there with "Captain Courtesy," a "Gentleman of Leisure," with all "The Morals of Marcus," though of the "Aristocracy." "The Caprices of Kitty" were responsible for this "Bachelor's Romance," and "Her Triumph" is as sweeping as "The Typhoon."

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

The personality, the history, the environment of theatrical stars is a subject of unceasing interest. So many inquiries have reached us upon various topics connected with motion pictures that we have opened this page to our readers. Any questions you may care to ask will be answered according to the best information we can obtain.—The Editor.

To the Query Editor:
Please tell me whether Carlyle Blackwell is married and also how old he is.
Answer—Carlyle Blackwell is not now connected with any of the companies whose pictures are released on the Paramount Program.

◇

To the Query Editor:
I am very anxious to know who played opposite John Emerson in "A Bachelor's Romance."
Answer—Lorraine Huling.

◇

To the Query Editor:
Will you please tell me who played the part of Frederick in "Tess of the Storm Country."
Answer—Harold Lockwood.

◇

To the Query Editor:
Will you kindly name one or two pictures in which House Peters has appeared besides "The Girl of the Golden West" and "The Warrens of Virginia"?
Answer—"The Unafraid" and "The Captive."

◇

To the Query Editor:
Will you please inform me through your magazine in what picture Marguerite Clark has made her latest appearance?
Answer—In "The Pretty Sister of Jose," released May 31st.

◇

To the Query Editor:
To settle a discussion, will you please state, in your magazine, who played the part of the "Governor's Lady" in the picture by that name?
Answer—Edith Wynne Matthison.

◇

To the Query Editor:
Were the characters in "Rule G" really railroad men, or actors trained to operate the various machines and engines?
Answer—"Rule G" was produced in co-operation with one of the great railroad systems, who loaned not only their shops and yards and tracks and equipment, but who also gave their own men leave of absence to play those parts requiring technical or mechanical knowledge. Also the president of the railroad company and several of the directors and high officials took part, as in the scene showing the meeting of the railroad presidents to consider the enactment of Rule G.

◇

To the Query Editor:
Is House Peters married? Is his wife in his company?
Answer—House Peters was married about a year ago to Miss Mae King, of Staten Island, New York. She was formerly an actress, but is not now playing.

◇

To the Query Editor:
Who played Sir William in "Gretna Green"? Did he take the leading part in "The Crucible"?
Answer—Arthur Hoope played Sir William in "Gretna Green." The lead in "The Crucible" was played by Harold Lockwood.

◇

To the Query Editor:
If you will answer the following questions I'll greatly appreciate your kindness. First. What is Mary Pickford's height? Second. What is her complexion? Third. What is her birthday?
Answer—1. About five feet one inch. 2. Light hair, fair skin and very dark blue eyes. 3. April 5, 1893.

◇

To the Query Editor:
I am very anxious to know who played the "Eagle" in "The Eagle's Mate," and also whether or not Mary Fuller is married.
Answer—James Kirkwood was the Eagle in "Eagle's Mate." Miss Fuller is not connected with the Paramount Companies and we are, therefore, unable to answer your question.

◇

To the Query Editor:
I would like to know where I can obtain a photograph of House Peters and one also of Harold Lockwood, and what the cost of each will be.
Answer—The Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company, Longacre Theatre Building, New York, may be able to supply you with a photograph of House Peters and the Famous Players Film Company, 215 West 26th Street, New York, one of Harold Lockwood, both at nominal cost.

◇

To the Query Editor:
To settle a discussion, will you please state where the picture "Fanchon the Cricket" was photographed and when it will be shown in the theatres?
Answer—At the Delaware Water Gap, Pennsylvania; its date of release is May 10th.

◇

To the Query Editor:
Please give me the names of two motion picture companies to which I can write regarding a play I have written.
Answer—You can get the names of a great many motion picture manufacturing companies from any of the leading motion picture magazines. We cannot give you the addresses here.

◇

NOTE.—Those who have questioned us, during the past month, regarding the age and marriage state of Marguerite Clark, Harold Lockwood, Dustin Farnum, House Peters and Blanche Sweet are respectfully referred to Paramount Magazine of March, April and May.

◇

To the Query Editor:
Will you do me the great favor of informing me where "Hypocrites," "The Odyssey of the North" and "Caprices of Kitty"' were made?
Answer—All in, or near, Los Angeles.

◇

To the Query Editor:
To settle an argument will you please tell me whether or not Elsie Janis and Courtenay Foote were really married in the last scene of "Caprices of Kitty."
Answer—No. Some one circulated a rumor to that effect, but it was without foundation.

◇

To the Query Editor:
I would like very much to know where the following pictures were taken: "Gretna Green," "Tess of the Storm Country" and "Cinderella."
Answer—"Gretna Green" was taken at Lakewood, N. J., "Tess of the Storm Country" at and near Los Angeles, and "Cinderella" at Colonel Benedict's estate at Greenwich, Conn.

◇

To the Query Editor:
Are Lottie, Mary and Jack Pickford all related?
Answer—Brother and sisters.

NOTES OF PLAYERS

Mary Pickford

Tom Forman

Edith Wynne Matthison

Myrtle Stedman

Mary Ruby

THE contest conducted by "The Ladies' World" to determine the relative popularity of motion picture actresses has resulted in the polling by Mary Pickford of 1,147,550 votes, against a total of 702,550 votes polled by all other competitors together, thus showing this screen artist to be the most popular girl in the United States, if not in the entire world.

Word has just been received that Mary Pickford's dog, Rags, is dead. Rags was known by sight probably to more people than any dog that has ever lived. And a great many people actually made his acquaintance during the course of his travels about the country with Miss Pickford. Millions of people who look upon Miss Pickford as a personal friend, and who know the extent to which one may become attached to a good dog, will sympathize with her in her loss, for she has often spoken of Rags as one of the most lovable dogs that ever lived.

◇

Jesse L. Lasky has nearly completed a new picture in which Ina Claire, Tom Forman, Jim Neill and Theodore Roberts will play the leading parts. The story is one of college life, is quite long and requires a big cast, so the complete picture will be a "feature film." The story was written by W. C. De Mille.

◇

Jesse L. Lasky makes formal denial on behalf of Edith Wynne Matthison that that distinguished actress has entered into any contract for photo-dramatic appearances under the management of any other concern than his own.

◇

Ethel Phillips, the young Australian actress who appeared in the Famous Players production, "The Sign of the Cross," has also played for that company in "The Love Route" and "The Commanding Officer." She will be seen in other of their productions. Miss Phillips came to America three years ago, after five years in vaudeville and with stock companies in Australia.

◇

Oliver Morosco, of the Morosco Photoplay Company, is now producing "Wild Olive." This is a society play in which Myrtle Stedman will be starred.

◇

Little Mary Ruby, the Morosco-Bosworth "find," whose work in ingenue roles reveals great future possibilities, is this week entertaining her brother, whom she had not seen for seven years. He was purser on a liner in the oriental service which was torpedoed by the ill-fated Dresden only a month or so before its destruction by the British fleet off Chile.

Marguerite Clark, the dainty and magnetic little star, who sprang into instant and national popularity as a screen favorite through her two previous Famous Players productions, "Wildflower" and "The Crucible," recently returned to the screen for them in a four-part picturization of Grace Livingston Furniss' celebrated romantic comedy, "Gretna Green," in which she far surpasses all her former successes. This latest appearance of the diminutive and charming star is certain to establish her as one of the foremost screen artists of the world.

◇

Miss Lois Meredith, the dainty Broadway dramatic favorite who made a sensational hit in "Help Wanted," has signed a contract with the Lasky-Belasco Company to take the part of the telephone operator in that company's picturization of William V. De Mille's famous drama, "The Woman." The addition of Miss Meredith gives the picture an "all-star" cast, for, besides Miss Meredith, Theodore Roberts, Mabel Van Buren and James Neill will take leading parts.

◇

Lois Meredith, starring in "Help Wanted," from the Morosco-Bosworth, created Gertie in the New York premiere of the play, sang the light opera title role in "Madam Sherry," followed Laurette Taylor in "Peg o' My Heart," and every nine o'clock during the Anderson Players' recent engagement went over and danced for the fun of it with George Marion, under whom she played "Modesty" in "Everywoman." On the stage but two years, Miss Meredith is already a star.

◇

Elsie Janis, the international stage favorite, who has just made her screen debut in the Bosworth, Inc., production, "Caprices of Kitty," gave a private showing of this film recently at the Palace Theatre, London, where she is appearing on the speaking stage at present. The delightful comedy proved a refreshing change for the Londoners, who have been seeing nothing but lurid war pictures for some time past. Miss Janis has reason to be proud of her first attempt in film-land.

◇

Actor Macdonald of the Morosco-Bosworth stock company recently threw up his part and walked out. With Forrest Stanley having a matinee at the Burbank, the defection was most untimely. Only a personal appeal from principals and working staff combined reconciled the obdurate actor. Macdonald, a collie dog, has the difficult canine role in the scene between Miriam and the deputies in "The Wild Olive."

Marguerite Clark

James Neill

Lois Meredith

Elsie Janis

Theodore Roberts

HATS FOR EARLY SUMMER

By Helen Vivian Lightfoot

WHILE the first spring hats were practically all small, —the shapes most in favor being the tight, oblong toque with almost no crown at all, the tricorn, which is quite as smart as the toque, and the narrow-brimmed sailor with a fairly high crown, there is noticed a later tendency towards larger hats. The very small hat while not entirely passé, has been worn for more than a year, and many women, especially those who are no longer in their first youth, find these small, brimless hats extremely trying.

There is no doubt of the fact that a certain amount of brim, which shades and softens the face in the glaring light of the street, is very becoming to the average woman, and the return of the picturesque large hat is welcomed on all sides.

With the revival of the curious styles of 1830 and 1880, which are seen in dresses and coats, there have also been revived the quaint hats of that day, and women now look like the photographs which are seen in old family albums.

Courtesy of Joseph.

Courtesy of Oppenheim-Collins.

Courtesy of Stern Brothers.

An instance of this old fashion is seen in the small sailor illustrated. This is really very charming, and is made of fine, sand-colored straw, with a band about the top of the crown of satin ribbon of the same color and dull, old blue velvet ribbon. The bow in the back is of the velvet ribbon, and the crown is encircled with a lovely wreath of deep, soft old rose velvet fruit, mixed with tiny pale blue flowers and green leaves.

Hats of dull black straw with thin, shirred brims of net are very fashionable, and are much worn for full dress occasions. The one illustrated represents one of the newest shapes turned up at the back, and has for ornament but a single, very beautiful black osprey. There are few hats as becoming as this type, and none that are more elegant,

Courtesy of George Bernard.

In these days, when "line" is so much considered, both in millinery and in clothes, the lines of a hat are of great importance, really much more so than the trimming put upon it. Many of the imported shapes depend entirely upon their smart lines for the chic effect, and the trimming is subordinated to this, consisting of one ornament only, a wing, a fantasie of ostrich feathers, or one flower. In the tailored hat illustrated this is exemplified. The lines of this fine, dark brown straw are extremely good, and the trimming is very simple, consisting of a band of heavy brown grosgrain ribbon with a line of white ribbon at the top, and, laid flat against the crown, one white wing.

Black hats for both summer and winter have been worn for so many seasons, that it is a positive relief to see that the new hats this spring come in different colored straws. There are blue, rose, yellow, brown, green, taupe and red straws, both in light, medium and dark colors, and the streets are gay with this delightful revival of color. There are many wings and quills being again used, and, of course, many flowers.

The quaint picture hat illustrated is one of the most beautiful seen this season, and must have been copied from some old painting. The coloring of this hat is exquisite, and the shape particularly becoming. The hat is of leghorn, which shows on the under brim, and the whole top is covered with soft, pale blue silk, brocaded in gold in a design of tiny bunches of flowers. At the top of the crown, and also around it at the bottom, is a band of pale blue velvet ribbon. Slightly to the right in front, laid flat on the brim, is a cluster of lovely French roses in soft, yellowish pink. The streamers in the back, which add so much to the picturesque effect, are of the blue velvet ribbon.

AN EXPERT IN LOVE SCENES

By Carlyle Ellis

WHEN I told my Aunt Hannah to be ready in ten days to accompany me to New York and thence to San Francisco by way of the Panama Canal she was the most rapturously excited woman I ever saw.

That, of course, was what I had counted on. In the matter of appreciation Aunt Hannah never disappoints me. Despite her grey hairs she is the most genuinely enthusiastic person I know. If it were not for that I might have chosen to go to the exposition alone.

But the dear old party has hardly been anywhere, except to New York once. She is the only near relative I have and she is so excitable and funny that when we are together I am laughing at her half the time and the rest of the time she is laughing at me. A fellow likes that.

There was one thing against taking her, though. She always has girls with her. I didn't, in times gone by, consider this exactly a fault, but since Amelia Barrington married that highly-polished foreigner of hers I've grown a good deal more sensible. I'm only twenty-five, anyway, and a man ought to travel and see something of the world before he settles down. Girls are all right, of course, but—a fellow has his way to make.

So I had to warn Aunt Hannah. In fact, I had to be rather stiff with her.

"Aunt Hannah," I said sternly, "this is my party. I am taking you because you are the best company in the world. But remember the rules—no girls for ours."

She sniffed, but, of course, had the last word:

"It's dear of you, Fred, but it isn't natural."

Wherewith I left her to the innocent joys of spreading the great news and packing and repacking her trunk for a week.

Our departure for New York was an event in Aunt Hannah's neighborhood and she engineered, with carefully "forgotten" errands, a roundabout route to the station that would display me to as many of her forewarned neighbors as possible. A man should never trust an aunt who is as full of guile as that.

"What's the use of having a successful nephew if you don't let folks know it?" she asked blandly when I teased her. I ought to add that Aunt Hannah's present idea of my success is based on the placing of some motion picture scenarios. I have been giving my time to the subject and been given a few really splendid productions, as you have probably seen.

At the hotel in New York Aunt Hannah asked the clerk for letters and, to my astonishment, got several. They seemed to give her vast satisfaction. But even then I suspected nothing.

The second afternoon out on the big liner I was walking around the deck after a morning indoors writing, when I saw Aunt Hannah talking on the most friendly terms with a girl, a member of some family party, apparently.

It was annoying, but I felt sure she would not dare to draw me into it after my warning, and, sure enough, when in passing I tried to signal my disapproval, she ignored me most cleverly.

On the next round I glanced at the girl. She seemed quite good looking, in fact, of a type I used to admire. She was noticing me, so I finished my walk on the boat deck.

At dinner that night I was relieved to notice that the girl and her party were away across the dining room from us and I took occasion to repeat my command to Aunt Hannah. She laughed at me.

"Of course not, old misanthrope," she said, laughing. "I'll take special pains to warn them away from you. You're the best of nephews, but you'd be dull company for a jolly girl, you know you would."

Perhaps she was just teasing. I hope so, for if a fellow is fit only to be laughed at he isn't worth much. Hermits are always dull, come to think of it. I decided then never to become a real hermit.

Aunt Hannah was enjoying the voyage ridiculously. Though it was her first she was not a bit seasick and she seemed to make new friends every hour and she was so constantly with them—especially the provoking-looking girl—that I seldom saw her except at meal times. Then she would tell me funny stories about the people—all, at least except about the provoking-looking girl. She never mentioned her. Not that I minded, of course, but it seemed so absurd.

We were swinging southward through the West Indies and as the scenario I was working on just would not come right, for some reason, it occurred to me to foil Aunt Hannah and solve the riddle of the girl. I have since discovered that that was precisely what she intended, bless her! Lucky that she was too clever for me at the time!

Rehearsing my part carefully I waited until I saw the two together. As I came close the girl looked up startled and then her eyes began to twinkle in the most provoking way. I decided that she really was the best looking girl I had ever seen—slimly muscular and splendidly poised on her feet, with copperish hair and very grey eyes. One knew her for a girl who did things and did them well.

"I beg your pardon, Aunt Hannah," I said. "I wanted to ask you if you know where I could find the blue guide book."

"Yes, it's in my chair under the rug. Hope you're making progress."

Then she turned to the girl and went right on talking as if I had gone away, which I had not at all. So I went, vowing that should be the last. And the worst of it was that provoking-looking girl looked sorry for me.

Aunt Hannah never did give me that introduction. I introduced myself the next morning, when I learned by chance that the girl's name was Muriel Wright. She is by all odds the best looking girl I have ever seen and I could tell at once that she was much too clever to spoil a man's trip with chatter.

We were nearing Colon in the warm early morning and I got up to be out before the rest. But there, already on deck, were Miss Wright and Aunt Hannah. They had been looking forward eagerly to seeing Panama and had read everything they could find about it, which, I confess, was a good deal more than I had done.

Here was a good chance to take my wilful relative down a peg.

"Good morning, Miss Wright," I said cordially, "I hope you feel as fit for the day's ordeal as you look." And formally, "Good morning, Aunt Hannah."

But the wily old lady did not bat an eye.

"Good morning, Frederick," she answered. "I hope you feel as fit for the day's ordeal as you look."

And Miss Wright blushed. I didn't wonder when I had studied out what that innocent-sounding speech might have meant.

Of course the day was no ordeal at all, but quite a wonder. I had decided to make what amends I could for my churlishness on the way down and to be as much company for Miss Wright as opportunity offered. Also I would prove to Aunt Hannah that I wasn't so dull as she had said. I intended to see that they inspected the Big Ditch with an appreciative and understanding guide. But things did not work out quite as I had planned. In the first place they knew a great deal more about the canal than I did, which made me feel small, and in the next, now that I knew Miss Wright, I seemed never to be alone with her a minute. She would be sparkling with pleasure at the tropical beauty and color of the shores and all the turmoil and excitement of going through the locks so long as Aunt Hannah was with her, but when the excited old lady disappeared she soon found some excuse for following.

And I liked her. It was a real pleasure to watch her and to hear what she said about things.

We were all to go ashore together at Balboa—Aunt Hannah and Miss Wright and her people and I. The rest of the Wright family were all middle-aged and treated Aunt Hannah as if they had always known her and they seemed to be very pleasant people. I was quite looking forward to an evening in the little seaport with Miss Wright, when, just as we were docking, I stumbled stupidly on a coil of rope and strained my ankle so badly that it would have been foolish to try to walk. So I sent them off without me, the hurt being a trifle, and stuck to a deck chair and solitude. I did quite a little thinking that evening, and it was not about my scenario. Nearly every thought I had, it seems now, was that Muriel Wright was the kind of a chum I had always wanted without knowing it. What other thoughts I had were on but one theme—some other chap would soon be trying to win her if I did not. Perhaps even now—

I started to get up, but the ankle sent me sharply back. Then I saw her, alone, climbing overside an hour before the party was due. She came right to me without embarrassment.

"Your Aunt Hannah was so anxious about you that I promised to come back and see if there was anything you wanted," she said.

"Yes," I answered. "There is something I want very much. I want company."

She answered my look rather shyly, as if she was glad and sorry at the same time. Then her eyes began to twinkle, in the provoking way they had.

"I had better go and find your Aunt Hannah, then," she answered.

"No," I said promptly. "I don't wish to shorten Aunt Hannah's excursion ashore—or yours, either, if you liked it."

She made no answer to that except to begin fussing about the ankle as if it were really serious and, when I wouldn't be mothered (though it was mighty pleasant to have her concerned about me), to settle into the chair next mine and get me talking about my work. That was easy to do because I had the proposal scene of my scenario on my mind and nothing I could do with it seemed satisfactory.

"You see," I explained, "the producers seem to like my plays because I never give them the old, stilted, conventional love scenes that have been served up to us since our great-grandmother's day and that are not true to life anyway. Thank heaven we are too sensible and practical nowadays to do things in that bromidic, mushy way."

Muriel's eyes were bright with mischief, but she seemed to agree with me, on the general principle.

"I know," she said laughingly. "Hero kneels before lady love—puts hand on heart—proffers both—says he knows he is unworthy of her—lady replies, 'This is so sudden!'—hero pleads—lady throws herself into his arms—long embraces—curtain!"

"Exactly!" I cried. "And it isn't done. I doubt if it ever was done. Now listen to my plan for the scene and tell me what's wrong with it. My hero is a man of the world and the lady is a very sensible girl. They adore each other, of course, or there wouldn't be any play. But they don't need to talk about it—they can see it in each other's eyes. So they go on doing things together in a perfectly friendly way until the time comes when it is more practical and reasonable for them to be married. It's perfectly plain and perfectly understood. So they read the message in each other's eyes and he slips a ring on her finger and kisses her reverently on the brow."

Muriel was thinking intently. "And still I'm not satisfied," I added.

"I understand," she said, and, looking at me quizzically, suggested:

"He might kiss her lightly on the lips, just once."

"But why?" I argued. "Surely that would not add to the solemn beauty of the scene!" What a duffer I was, to be sure.

"Some people like it," she answered and her eyes were unfathomable but provoking.

More glorious days we had sailing up the western side of the continent. Aunt Hannah kept right on making more friends and growing pinker cheeked and jollier every day. She seemed to have very little time for her chair-ridden nephew, but I did not mind in the least, because Muriel seemed to think it was her duty to take her place and she was adorable about it. So we got to depending on each other a good deal.

At least I knew I depended on her—as much as I

could. It soon grew plain to me that I could never get along without her and plainer still that I had not the remotest intention of trying to.

We talked a great deal about love scenes in plays and Muriel's ideas and suggestions were really valuable. We planned out four or five together and agreed that they were very up-to-date and different.

"But," she said one day, "I must confess that I like the old-fashion kind better."

That *was* a shock to me. "Then what about other girls?" I asked blankly.

"I'm afraid there are a good many of us old-fashioned girls left," she replied.

What an incomprehensible creature is a woman, I thought. Perhaps it would be wiser to be a hermit after all.

The big ship pulled in through the Golden Gate just as the setting sun lit the exposition palaces with an orange glory, throwing great purple shadows below. It was a wonderful sight. It gave me a catch in the throat. Aunt Hannah and I were at the rail together and a little apart from the others. She stood for a long time in silence and when I glanced at her there were tears on her cheeks. She caught my look and squeezed my hand.

"Fred, dear," she said, "you have made your old aunt a very, very happy woman."

Then the dear, funny old party hurried away to her stateroom as if she had just remembered something ever so important, and I went in search of Muriel. The sun had just disappeared when I found her alone on the boat deck and then a very beautiful thing happened. As the daylight faded the exposition buildings began to glow with a strange and unaccountable light. There were few towering outlines of incandescent bulbs, but just a sort of radiance that made everything clearer and lovelier than day and over it all played hundreds of colored searchlights.

Muriel's eyes shone with something deeper than raillery.

She has the most wonderful eyes in the world.

Thinking it over afterwards I realized that I had never wanted so much to kiss a person in all my life—but not just on the brow. And I packed those old scenarios away at the bottom of my trunk and forgot them.

It was simply astonishing how interesting the exposition seemed with Muriel to share it. There never was such a girl to travel about with. She never did things the usual way or made the commonplace comments. She saw the fun in things and felt the meaning of them amazingly. She is very many-sided, which a man admires in a woman. But she liked best the good music and the pictures and the way things were explained with motion pictures.

One evening we were on the shore of the bay, in a nook we had found. The Tower of Jewels shone gloriously over our heads and all about us was a sort of stirring, active peace. It was heavenly, with Muriel radiant and thoughtful beside me.

We were going over our impressions of the fair. "I like it best," she said, "for the many, many things that will help people to live better, more efficient lives—to have better health and better homes and cooking and babies and schools and government; to be better neighbors and more helpful to others. I think that is what this world is coming to pretty soon, and there is a great opportunity for a writer like you and—even for a girl like me."

"The great opportunity for a writer like me," I said, slowly, "would be—a girl like you." For just an instant her eyes answered my adorations. Then the startled look came back.

"You mustn't," she whispered.

"Why not?" I demanded. She hid her face in her hands.

"Do you remember the first three days on the boat—?"

Did I? The memory of my abominable behavior haunted me.

"I do," I interrupted shamefully. "The way I behaved was ghastly. You would be right never to forgive me."

"It isn't that," cried my Muriel. "Aunt Hannah told me you were just finishing a play. But I knew! Oh, boy, I knew all the time it wasn't that, and I thought it would be a lark to *make* you want to know me—I didn't realize—I can never forgive myself."

Her hand was where I could reach it and I would not let it escape.

"Muriel," I said, "people who really care for each other can forgive big things, let alone such little things as can be laughed at. Life has just begun for me on this trip—because you were in it—and—"

I could not go on. The look in her eyes took my breath away.

"Oh, girl darling, I'm not worthy of you, but you know that I love you and want you and need you!" I cried. She seemed to sway and just before her lips met mine she half whispered, "Of course!"

And when, a few minutes afterward, she lifted her head the old, quizzical mother-look came back to her and she added, "especially 'need.'"

Then she began to laugh softly and her eyes to twinkle.

"Fred, dear, you didn't kneel and you didn't put your hand on your heart, but otherwise—"

"And you didn't say, 'this is so sudden.'"

"Then perhaps I am not the old-fashioned one, after all."

"You are the most glorious combination under heaven of all that is most desirable in woman. And I," I added, out of a humble heart, "have been a silly fool."

But she would not have it so.

A QUIET SMILE

By Jack Robinson

MONEY IN IT AT THAT

"What makes her think she can marry the Duke of Gargoyle and get into the aristocracy?"

"Oh, just because her father owns two or three moving picture theatres, I suppose."

"Hm. Well, some girls have done it on less money."

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"What's the name of that photoplay you wrote, Blinks?"

"'The Great Catastrophe,' but now I simply refer to it as the 'Cat.'"

"How's that?"

"It always comes back."

THE LONESOME MEN'S CLUB

"I suppose you find things pretty dull," said the Florida cracker to the old northern gentleman who was wintering south for his health; "you say you have no friends in Jacksonville."

"Nary a one," admitted the old man; "but with the blessed sunshine and seven moving picture theatres in town, a fellow don't really miss 'em."

INGENUOUS

Stranger: How can I get to the nearest moving picture theatre from here?

Little Willie: It's mighty hard to explain, mister; the streets are so crooked you'd get lost sure; but I can go with you and show you the way.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE

"Aha, Mrs. Grogan, I come in to tell you how sorry I am for yez bad luck. I hear your man Mike lost his election bet with Tim Clancey and had to trundle him in a wheel-barrow three miles and back to King's Bridge, and the crowd guying Mike something awful. It's sorry I am for the ridicule he brought on you."

"Ridicule me pocket, Mrs. Murphy. There's no flies on that man Mike av mine, 'tho 'tis dangerous to praise him except behind his back. Whin he found he'd got to wheel Clancy thim six miles he wint to a moving picture man and got a hundred dollars cash for the film rights, and th' whole triumphial march wid the crowd raising ructions is to be at the Picture Show week after next. Come in and see me new gas range, Mrs. Murphy; 'tis a pity yer own husband is such a loafer."

Cut this out and return it to

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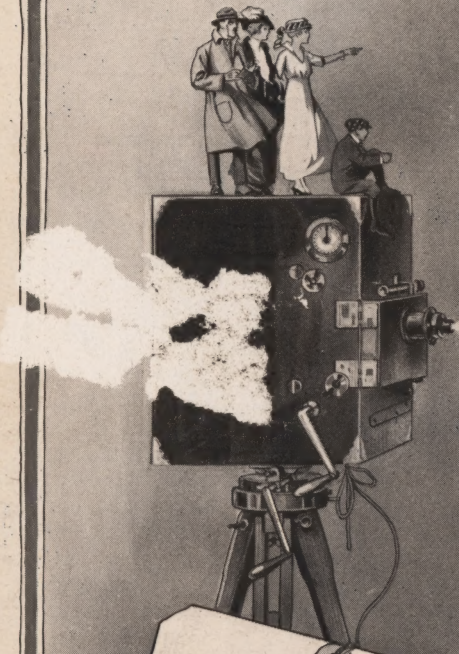

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